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THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Covetous Citizen,

OR, A
Ready Way to get Riches.

A

P O E M.

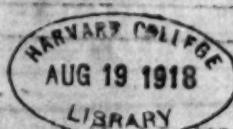
Ned Ward

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by the Booksellers of
London and Westminster. 1702.

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G. F. Parkman fund

CHARACTER

A 29

Collections of Poems

Nard, Edward

A 30

Ready May to get Ridges.

A

POEM

London

Printed and sold by the Booksellers of
London and Edinburgh, 1803.

THE
Character of a Covetous Citizen.

C A N T O I.

THE Man who dotes on Gold, how curs'd his Fate!
 Wretched if Poor, and Poor with an Estate ;
 Boundless his Hopes, exorbitant his Gain,
 And as a Wolf on Sheep, he preys on Men ;
 Does the most Weak and Innocent betray,
 Yet strives to be as guiltless thought as they.
 Friendship and Faith he both alike explodes,
 Locks are his Friends, and Guinea's are his Gods ;
 Gold is his Heav'n, his Refuge and Defence,
 His Hopes and Fears are all deriv'd from thence :
 One mighty Sum would make his Joys compleat,
 But want of this does all his Ends defeat.
 The Mine he seeks he covets but in vain,
 'Tis more than Heav'n will grant, or Man obtain.
 Like *Tantalus* he labours but to catch
 The tempting Fruit that hangs beyond his reach.

Relations are his Enemies, if Poor,
 Who he does more than midnight Thieves abhor :
 And if they press him to Relieve their Need,
 He gives them Stones and bitter Words for Bread.
 His fraudulent Designs with Zeal he hides,
 And with some rich Dissenting Party sides ;
 Not that his Conscience guides him to his choice,
 But Int'rest talkes him with her charming Voice.

Who

Who leads her greedy list'ners to the Grave,
Still short of something they so fain wou'd have.

Tho' ne'er so large deficient is his Store,

As his Wealth rises still his Wants are more,
 His fatal Temper keeps him always Poor.

That Passion Fear, and sad Disease Dispair,

His dark unquiet Soul's Companions are :

One cries beware of Loss, when e'er he Lends;

The other threatens want of what he Spends.

Thus the ungodly Mammon so belov'd,

Must no way stir except to be improv'd.

If good round Int'rest and a clear Estate,

Wants a supply, they're welcome to his Gate;

But if a Neighbour (for a Friend he's none)

Should *Gratis* ask some reasonable Boon,

The Beggar's hopes are equally as good,

That asks a hungry Tyger for his Food.

Misers, in Health, have little Pow'r we see

To do one deed of Christian Charity:

But dying, none more forward to attone,

By Pious Acts, for wretched Ills they've done.

Therefore, to please the Gen'rous, here 'tis shew'd,

How their Wealth's rais'd, and how at last bestow'd.

For Wedlock's Woes, and wealthy Cares design'd,

To Shop and Wife he's lavishly confin'd.

What each requires he with submission dath,

And with severe attendance humours both.

Being sett'd in a thriving part o' th' Town,

With cautious Steps he prop'ly goes on,

Greedy t' impose, poor-spirited and base,

He grows, by ~~prudent~~ ^{Voice} Conduct, rich places

Whilst

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Whilst the good Man, that with a Conscience deals,
 Moves slow, and follows Fortune at the Heels.
 Proud is his Heart, yet humble is his Mein,
 A Saint without, but Hypocrite within.
 Each gainful Lye he does for Truth protest,
 Can his own Words to various Sences wrest :
 The way you take, 'em will your self deceive,
 You're surely chous'd if you his Cant believe.
 You and the Dev'l he strives alike to serve,
 Cheat both, and save himself by a reserve.
 All useful Frauds that to his Int'rest tend,
 Or false Assertions that can serve his End,
 He thinks by Custom are as lawful grown;
 As Deeds, an honest Man dare do and own.
 Watchful behind his Compter he appears,
 And there all Day imprison'd sits, for Years.
 Except when business Calls, he takes a loose,
 At Noon to Change, or Night to Coffee-House.
 His vacant Minutes in his Shop he spends
 O'er News, to which he great attention lends;
 Till he by reading *Gazette's* is become
 A Statesman in th' Affairs of Christendom;
 And sundry ways can form, to regulate
 The worst Disorders of a drooping State:
 The cause of all its Miseries can tell,
 And is as wise, in Thought, as *Matchiavel*:

Does the success of each attempt foresee,
 Informs his Wife, who knows as well as he,
 What the great End of all these things shall be.

Foresight to Fools is something hard to grant,
Since Wise-men oft the Heavenly Knowledge want :
Yet who can tell how Gods their Gifts bestow,
An Ass we find has Prophesi'd e're now.

CANTO II.

Thus he plods on for Twenty Years, or more,
Pays Scot and Lot to th' Parson and the Poor :
His Dealings large, extravagant his Gain,
Esteem'd a sharp, but very honest Man.
As for Religion, he concedes with two,
A Christian he's at Church, in Shop a Jew.
He twice each Sunday in Communion meets,
And Prays at Home as often as he Cheats.
Long-winded Graces at short Meals he makes,
And blesses every Morning's Toast he breaks.
Hears ev'ry Night his youngest Prentice read,
Some long hard Chapter ere he goes to Bed.
Whilst his own Thoughts are busid to out-wit
The World, which is the smoother Epithet,
Our well-bred City use instead of Cheat.
Thus with mild Terms they take away the Stain,
And call a Knave in Trade, a *Cunning-Man.*

Extravagance, like Popery, he hates,
And ne'er beyond a Dish of Coffee treats.
Will talk and wrangle, like the meanest Scrub,
Two Hours, to save a Farthing in his Club.

Wine

Wine he drinks seldom, lest his Stomach's chill,
 And when he does, he ne'er exceeds a Jill,
 Except some mighty Reason should induce
 The Niggard, to debauch beyond his use;
 As Loyalty; he alters then his stint,
 And, on the King's Birth-Day, drinks half a Pint.
 Which three Pence extraordinary spent,
 Is a sure sign he loves the Government.
 And that the World may see, by partial Fate,
 He's destin'd to be Rich and Fortunate.
 In this small tract of Time three Wives at least,
 Are rescu'd from his mercenary Breast,
 By that grim spright the wretched oft invoke,
 To end their Cares and Miseries with a stroke.
 Each Help-mate worth a Thousand Pounds or more,
 Whose Portions much encrease the ill-got Store.
 The Wife he minds not, but adores the Pence:
 No Nights endearments does the Churl dispence.
 But kills her with the want of due Benevolence.

Large Sums with Prentices his Bags enrich,
 And help to flatter his infatiate Itch.
 Some die, whilst others backward to obey,
 Complaining of hard usage, run away.
 Curse his thin Beer, and rail at *Suffolk Cheese*,
 Forsake their Int'rest to pursue their Ease.
 One Crop no sooner runs, but in his room,
 A new comes laden with a welcome Sum.
 Thus by good-luck, assisted with small Thought,
 His thriving Pence to numerous Pounds are brought.

So Fortune's Minions from a low degree,
Climb the top Branches of her golden Tree;
There pull the precious Fruit, and with disdain,
Behold th' unlucky Gape below in vain.

He now looks big, and does to Pow'r incline,
Will no small Parish Office servy, but Fine.
The midnight King of Clubs he scorns to be,
And to some Barber leaves th' Authority.
Above his Neighbours he exalts his Horn,
And with impatience waits till chose Church-Ward'n;
Where Gain and Reputation jointly meet,
And Homage makes the Office still more sweet.
Of these two Compliments, there's none more sure,
Bows from the Rich, and Curses from the Poor.
He and the Parson now grow wondrous great,
And from the Paupers Box share many a Treat;
Whilst the starv'd Wretches, whose Relief they spend,
By shameful Wants are hasten'd to their End.
When thus elected Ward'n, the Church in hast,
Must be repair'd, or else the Bells new Cast,
A Gall'ry added, or an Organ rais'd,
That Heav'n, with Hearts more chearful, may be prais'd;
The Steeple mended, or the Dial gilt,
The Chancel painted, or a Porch new built,
Not thro' a Christian Zeal, or good Design,
To make the Temple of the Lord more fine,
But his own Bags with Parish Cash to fill,
By Coz'nage in the payment of each Bill,

To

With which the Workmen knavishly accord,
 And make so large, they well may bate a third,
 Then bids 'em write, receiv'd the full Contents,
 And thus discov'ry of the Fraud prevents.
 So those who did the Project first invent,
 Of building *Bedlam* and the *Monument*,
 Like good Trustees, the Orphans Bank ingross'd,
 And sunk much more than both the Baubles cost.
 If any curious Christian should desire,
 To know who lin'd the Pews, or rais'd 'em high'r,
 The World may read, inscrib'd upon a Stone,
John Sharp Church-Ward'n when these good things were done.

His Word goes current now the City round,
 Reported worth at least Ten Thousand Pound.
 Great in his Company he's also grown,
 Thro' ev'ry Station gradually has run,
 And greedy of that honourable sway,
 Is chosen Master next Election-Day :
 Who in his Liv'ry-Gown and Band precise,
 Looks very burly, and as gravely Wise,
 At th'upper-end of th'upper Table sits,
 And culls from ev'ry Dish his dainty Bits.
 To th' Venson and the Fowl he gives applause,
 And stoutly labours Knuckle-deep in Sauce.
 At last the Custard sorely is oppress'd,
 B'ing pleas'd, he with full Mouth commends the Feast,
 And eats, by computation, seven Pound at least.

Long has the Pulpit labb'd hard to free
 The City, from the sin of Gluttonie ;
 But still her Sons Heav'n's plenteous Gifts prophane,
 And Gormandize, like Beasts, not eat like Men.

CANTO III.

Now swell'd with Pride, he does Majestick grow,
 And with a Nod returns his Neighbour's Bow.
 In all Affairs, talks gravely as a Judge,
 And Bellies like a Hogshead in the boudge.
 Looks high, will none beneath himself regard,
 And often Dines with th' Alderman o'th' Ward.
 He's now much alter'd, and the Change he keeps
 Each Day as constant, as at Night he sleeps.
 Establish'd in the World, he takes good Heart,
 And his Half-Pint he turns into a Quart.
 To th' Coffee-House too becomes a mighty Guest,
 And reads the News five times a Day at least.
 From whence he wisely does assert, 'tis plain,
 The Duke of *Anjou* has no right to *Spain* ;
 But is for so dividing on't, that some
 May go to ev'ry patt of Christendom :
 Which he does eas'ly, as a Man may cut
 A Twelfth-Cake for the King, Queen, Knaves, and Slut.
 Nay, and without Book tells, by strength of Head,
 How many Dogs are lost, or Horses stray'd :
 And gives the Marks, as if they'd been his own,
 From the crop'd Greyhound, to the spavin'd Roan.

Being now grown wond'rous Rich, he has a Call,
 By Summons, to the *Blue-Coat Hospital*.
 Where his wise, worshipful, and worthy Sir,
 Is chosen, for his Wealth, a Gouvernour,
 In hopes he once will Charitable be,
 And leave 'em, when he dies, a Legacy.

Proud of the Honour he attends each Court ;
 But does, like many more, nor good nor hurt :
 Who gaze about, and with each others Eyes,
 Twenty gray Heads behold to one that's wise.

He now so formal grows, the whole Machine,
 Moves as if *German Clock-work* rul'd within.
 His Actions tim'd to certain Minutes are,
 And ev'ry thing he does is regular.
 I'th Morning, when the Parish Clock strikes Five,
 He 'wakes, and thanks the Lord that he's alive.
 With Eyes turn'd up, Success does humbly pray,
 To all the Frauds projected for the day.
 Then raises from his Pillow his bald Crown,
 And jumps into his Slippers and his Gown ;
 Steps to his Counting-House, there sits till Eight,
 Consid'ring how to manage things of weight,
 Precisely at which Hour he starts in haste,
 And on a Toast and *Cheshire* breaks his Fast.
 Which being done, he lifts up Hands and Eyes,
 And thanks the L--d, at length, in holy wise.
 Then from his Seat of Ease he rises up,
 And belching, creeps down Stairs into his Shop :
 Where for two hours the thrifty Churl abides,
 And, for some Faults, his eldest Prentice chides ;
 Directs him in the bus'ness of the Day,
 What Goods to send abroad, what Sums to Pay.
 Then to some Neighbouring Coffee-House resorts,
 There fills his empty Head with false Reports.
 He reads and hears, and very wise is made,
 In some Affairs of State, and some of Trade :

Sips off his Coffee, which to cool he blows,
 And o'er the wreaking Liquor hangs his Nose.
 Where the hot Steam condenses, and like Rain,
 Drops from his Snout into his Dish again.
 He drinks two Doses, till his Forehead sweats,
 And then commends it that it warms and wets.
 From thence to th' Tavern-Kitchin he adjourns,
 There takes a whet, and to his Shop returns.
 At Twelve his Dinner's on the Table set,
 His Stomach being as ready as his Meat :
 But thro' good Husbandry does ne'er appoint
 Above one Dish, and that a thund'ring Joint.
 By'mself he Dines, his Wives and Children dead,
 Lonely his Table, and alike his Bed :
 Yet for such Losses no remorse can show.
 Wealth is the Spring, whence all his Pleasures flow :
 Gold is his Heav'n, no other Loss or Gain,
 Can give the Wretch delight, or cause his Pain.
 For half an Hour he feeds, and when he's done,
 In's Elbow-Chair he takes a Nap till One.
 From thence to *Change* he hurries in a heat,
 Where Knaves and Fools in mighty numbers meet,
 And kindly mix the Bubble with the Cheat.
 There barters, buys and sells, receives and pays,
 And turns the Pence a hundred several ways :
 At all he ventures, to be rich and great,
 And is in ev'ry Dealing Fortunate.
 In this great Hive, where Markets rise and fall,
 And swarms of Muckworms round its Pillars crawl,
 He, like the rest, as busie as a Bee,
 Remains amongst the Hen-peck'd Herd till Three.

Then

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Then at *Lloyd's Coffee-House* he never fails,
 To read their Letters, and attēd the Sales.
 There buys by Candle-Inch, but when he sells,
 By what he bought by Inch, he'll gain by Ells.
 When this is over he to Shop repairs,
 And with sharp Eye inspects his Home-Affairs;
 Examines what's come in, and what's gone out,
 Who has been here, what bus'ness 'twas about.

Then fills his Silver Box, *Remember, John,*
If any asks, to th' Coffee-House I'm gone.
 There sits an Hour, sips *Ninny Broath*, and Laughs,
 To see the Neighbouring Bucks contend at Draughts.
 Tir'd with this Sport, he to the Sack-shop goes,
 And brisks his Thoughts with a salubrious Dose.
 There meets a Club of Elders, like himself,
 Who live like Swine, and wallow in their Pelf.
 Where, in small Measure they the Fox pursue ;
 Call for Half-Pints that each may have his due :
 Which they repeat, till Sparkles in their Eyes,
 And scarlet Fevers in their Checks arise.
 Whilst the three Topicks of their sensless Chat,
 Is first of Trade, Religion, then the State,
 Which they with wild Conceits unmercifully Bait.
 When each grave Toper has imbib'd his Quart,
 Their dividends they pay, shake Hands and part.

Now to his *Turkish Soop* again he comes,
 To qualifie the Wine's aspiring Fumes.
 Then home he Jogs, talks smutty to his Maid,
 Eats a slight Supper, prays, and so to Bed.
 Thus he by Rule compleats each Days design,
 Has Hours for Coffee bus'ness, and for Wine ;
 And does the whole dispatch before Bow-Bell rings Nine.

Cunning, Success, Severity, and Care,
A Trader's Friends, and best Supporters are.
For City-Knaves their Ill-got Wealth possess,
By swallowing Fools, as greater Fish the less.

C A N T O IV.

Now Old, his Conscience to himself looks black,
And Pain and Sorrow bend his Aged Back.
Decay in ev'ry feeble Limb appears,
Whilst he bemoans the number of his Years.
He Sighs, and does, with wishful Eyes, behold
His Piles of Silver, and vast Sums of Gold :
But with an anxious Breast, and troubled Thought,
Groaning, remembers how 'twas basely got.
The Curses of old Age, the *Gout* and *Stone*,
Torment the Wretch for the past Ills he's done.
Who for sweet Ease sollicits Heav'n in vain,
And grows almost a Christian thro' his Pain.
Still greater Mis'ries ev'ry Hour accrue,
And the pale Foe draws nearer to his view :
His Nerves grow weak, and his Distempers strong,
His Intervals more short, his Pains more long,
His fleshy Sides from City Banquets drawn,
He finds consum'd into a Skeleton.
His Appetite is gone, his Breath grown short,
And all his lively Thoughts turn'd *al-a-mort*.
Thus in these Conflicts he begins to Rave,
Devided 'twixt his Treasure and the Grave:
Have I my Life in Care and Slav'ry spent,
And all my restless Thoughts i'wards Riches bent !

Where's

Where's my Physician? let him ease my Cough,
 And give me strength, he shall have Gold enough.
 Will nothing help me in my painful Fits?
 Physick and Riches both, alas, are Cheats!
 But shou'd I die, O how shall I atone,
 For all the Ills and Knavries I have done!
 To those I've wrong'd, what Measures shall I take,
 To own my Guilt, and Restitution make?
 Many, alas, are Strangers, others dead;
 Some Broke, and into distant Regions fled!
 No, 'tis impossible, (the more's my Woe)
 To those I've injur'd, I should Justice do!
 There is but one way left, as I conceive,
 My Soul from threat'ning Vengeance to retrieve,
 I must my Ill-got Wealth to Pious uses leave.
 Send for the Scriv'ner, Oh! it breaks my Heart,
 Alas, dear Gold, that thee and I must part.

The Scribe approaches, arm'd with pointed Quill,
 Bows, Lies, and says, he's sorry he's so Ill.
 After some Talk, does all his Tools provide,
 Draws near the dying Penitent's Bed-side,
 Takes his last Testament by slow degrees,
 The Heads and Purport being chiefly these.

Imprimis, I bequeath Five hundred Pound,
 To buy, near London, such a Lay-stale Ground.

Item, Two Thousand Pounds I do allot,
 To build an Alms-house on th'aforesaid Spot;
 Contriv'd commodiously to entertain,
 Twenty Old Women, and as many Men.

Item, Ten Thousand Pounds I give, which shall,
 Endow my House of Charity withal:

Blue Gowns, Shifts, Coals, and Candles to provide,
And every one a Groat a Day beside.

Item, Five hundred Pounds, with good intent,
I give to beautifie the *Monument*.
And that the Mad Folks may be kept more neat,
Five hundred more to make new *Bedlam* sweet.

Item, Two thousand Pounds, with good design,
I do bequeath, to make *Paul's* work more fine.

Item, To th' *Blue-Coat Hospital* I give,
Two hundred Pounds, that my good Name may live,
And place amongst their Benefactors have.
Hoping their Boys will sing me to my Grave.

Item, Ten Pounds I order to be paid,
To each Man Servant, Twenty to my Maid,
For the great Care she's in my Sickness shown,
And other Reasons to my self best known.

Item, Three hundred Pounds I freely give
Amongst the Poor, within the Ward I live.
A Gown and Cassock to the Parish-Priest,
For his kind Promise of eternal Rest.

A---B---C---D--- Exec'tors I appoint,
Of this my Last and only Testament,
That they with all exactness may fulfil,
Each part and Clause of this my dying Will.

When Hand and Seal has giv'n it lawful force,
Next Day he changes, and becomes much worse.
Too weak to stir, he raves upon his Back,
Death why so pale, and Conscience why so black.
Where am I going ? Prithee Nurse more Air,
Methinks I'm sinking down the Lord knows where,
He gasps and stretches, strives, but cannot rise,
Then ruttles in the Throat, and rowls his Eyes,
Thus leaves his ill-got Treasure, and dispairing dies.